

BOZART

THE BI-MONTHLY POETRY REVIEW

EDITED BY ERNEST HARTSOCK



SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1928

BOX 67, STATION E, ATLANTA, GA.

SEPTEMBER MORN

The commotion over censorship forever is with us, outcropping in OIL upon the troubled waters of Boston with even more vehemence than it did some years ago in the case of the notorious September Morn, which indicated a lineal descendant of the Venus of Cnidos, shivering in an intellectual atmosphere of untold frigidity. Recent additions to the roll of *Americana*, or rather, in geographic distinction, *Dixiana*, include the newspaper accounts of how the authorities in Greenville, S. C., draped the municipal marble Apollo which was bought from a well-known mail-order firm, in garments so fashioned as to indicate that Apollo was a perfectly proper person and would never have been seen in public like Aphrodite (*sans* nightie). Other complaints of late have suggested that the lyric figures of John Funk's illustrations in BOZART should be clad in long woolen underwear or some other such puritanical garb. . . .

This indicates that, after all, Howard Mumford Jones' diverting article on Southern Poetry in a recent *Literary Lantern* may have been wrong about advising the suspension of Southern Poetry magazines as cherishers of the mediocre; though of course much of what Mr. Jones remarked was eminently right, especially those portions of his discourse which lamented the decidedly minor quality of even the best of Southern poetry today. What Mr. Jones overlooked seems to us to be that the need of Southern poetry today is first of all a sense of humor, so that some of the dear young ladies (of both gender) who sit about in kitty-corners nursing their egos may learn to smile, especially at themselves. Secondly we need some Literary Editors (Mr. Jones has the right direction but needs even more momentum) who will tell the truth gently but firmly about contemporary Southern situations. And in answer to the notorious old-maid's prayer—God give us *men*—may we have some progressive males with opinions. We all love the ladies, but poetry today needs some downright honest, vital, sincere, tolerant, *inspired* (O terrible word!) male poets. Here's hoping!

We introduce with the current issue several new masculine poets to support our contentions. Marco Carson, age 21, of Atlanta is a young man of especial potentiality. Lemuel De Bra is from Lynn Haven, Fla. C. R. De Journette, a young poet, resides in Athens, Tenn. Vincent Jones is a newcomer from Los Angeles, Cal. Tel Olson is from Laramie, Wyo. (Ladies not first, this time!) Cecilia Ellerbe of Shreveport, La., Josephine Johnson of Norfolk, and Mrs. B. Y. Williams of St. Louis, are newcomers. Julia Johnson Davis is a well-known Norfolk poet; V. Valerie Gates of Ann Arbor, Mich., Marion E. Holbrook of New York City, and Maria Leach of Philadelphia, also are introduced with this issue. Orth Cary is a new poet from Alabama. Mildred A. Blanton of Atlanta, we are pleased to present. Other poets represented have already been introduced to the readers of BOZART.

Bozart

"The Bi-Monthly Poetry Review"

Edited by ERNEST HARTSOCK

Published Six Times a Year by ERNEST HARTSOCK, THE BOZART PRESS, at 427½ Moreland Ave., N. E., Atlanta, Ga.

Editorial and Publication Address Box 67, Station E, Atlanta, Ga.

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Vol. II

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER

No. 1

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THE FRUIT OF SONG*

John Funk

TALL WINDMILL

The turning of the high wheel
Stirs with the wind's desires,
But not as tossed waters
Or blown fires.

It is too rooted to the earth
Ever to understand
That winds are not made only
To serve the land.

—ISABEL FISKE CONANT.

*Frontispiece for the *Anthology of Alabama Poetry*, 1928,
now ready.

MID-COURSE

In years when I was younger
My being, brain and bone,
Was all a furious hunger
For ways and worlds unknown.

There was so much to savor—
Water and wind and ships,
The mead of the red gods' favor,
War, and women's lips.

Three-score-and-ten seemed meager
A span enough, in truth,
For lips so fierce and eager
To drink their fill of youth.

Three-score-and-ten . . . why, little
But half of that is flown.
Strange, then, how dulled and brittle
My sword of quest has grown.

Strange how my valorous anger
Shamefully soon is spent
To an ignominious languor,
A dolorous discontent.

Strange that a need unsated,
A hunger never fed,
So quickly have abated—
And I not dead!

—TED OLSON.

IN THE FAST DARKENING, LATE AUTUMNAL DAYS

In the fast darkening, late autumnal days
I search the garden for some bit of bloom,
And culling sprays the summer would have
scorned

I make a little nosegay for my room.

And so have I, throughout a sorrowing year
That was all winter without hint of spring,
Gathered what slender joys about me lay,
To bind together for my comforting.

—JULIA JOHNSON DAVIS.

LAST RITES

He whom we worshipped lies today
A shamed and broken clod;
Our god, they say, had feet of clay . . .
But few are even partly god.

We veil the shattered ankles, fold
The arms as dignity enjoins;
Beautiful still the head's fine gold
And those hard-muscled loins!

Let this last reverence we give
Bear witness to all passers-by:
Who could not live as gods must live
Dies as a god might die.

—ELLEN GLINES.

THE AESTHETIC FLAPPER

Shivering and in tatters,
Love knocks at the door of my heart.
Prudence, the cautious hand-maid,
Peers through the key-hole and whispers to me:
"Mistress, love is here; he is cold and in tatters."
I shrug my shoulders and answer:
"Bar the door, old Prudence!
If he is cold and in tatters,
Most likely his nose will be red . . .
I do not like folks with red noses!"

—ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI.

ENGLISH PROF.

Above the pertness of the vulgar herd
He walks with stern and fatuous dignity,
Dissecting Shakespeare's every random word
In syllables of tragic sophistry.
He speaks to Women's Clubs and when they gush,
Delights that they rejoice in complex knowledge;
He makes soft verses like Victorian plush
And finds life "quite inspiring" in a college.

When co-eds laugh in English Literature
And mock his mellow eccentricities,
He paints himself *Le Byron de Nos Jours*
And thinks they laugh at some bland wit of his.
How brave, how simple, is this man *in omnia*!
How sweet a cure his classes—for insomnia.

—ERNEST HARTSOCK.

PROFESSOR OF BIOLOGY

The trustees shudder in divine mistrust
To hear this man who speaks in praise of Fate,
Declaring we are kindred to the dust
And God is Matter made articulate;
Who hints to students how man propagates,
And traps the Simian in the family tree;
With skeletons from closets illustrates
The frailties of our anatomy.

His days are numbered, and their totals come
Too few for glory but enough for truth;
He bears the weight of ancient odium
Yet finds a solace in the trust of youth.
Deprived of hire where Christians crucify,
He will go gently on, too brave to die!

—ERNEST HARTSOCK.

PROFESSOR OF GEOMETRY

Alert to rhombus and to trapezoid
He perpetrates his intricate designs
Of figures in the intellectual void,
Denominating Life and Death with signs.
Quick as disaster he can demonstrate
The fallacy of any specious thing:
His instant logic can annihilate
The argument of any bluebird's wing.

He calculates with mind's hypotenuse
Infinity's gaunt perpendicular;
Yet, why hurl triangles at any star
And leave unfathomed their terrestrial use?
For while he ratiocinates of life
A triangle finds apex in his wife.

—ERNEST HARTSOCK.

WOOD-CARVINGS

These were forms and faces hidden in trees
under the close, rough bark—
satyr and nymph, Madonna and saint,
bird and beast, many a flower face,
from the heart of an oak or beech—
how perfect each,
the beautiful, the quaint,
taken every one from its hidden place!
O hand that wrought these wounds! Who brought
these out of the dark?

—CHARLES BALLARD.

WHEN GOD LAUGHS

I—called him to preach?

Called whom?

Ah! A good man, perhaps;

But—I did not even know he lived!

I have never heard his sermons.

. . . . Nor read your verses.

I have been *at work*:

Holding the course of my myriad worlds

Through the endless flight of the endless æons.

I—called him to preach?

Preach what?

I call no one to preach!

But all to serve.

There is so much to do

So much—to learn

Sometimes—I laugh

Far on the fringe of my empyreal hosts;

Lost amid my countless colossal luminaries;

Flickers that feeble flame you call—the sun.

Yesterday, upon that insignificant dot of semi-darkness

Came a microscopic bubble of slag—and gas;

A moment ago it burst. A piffling fragment,

Spewed into space, became

Less than a speck of dust in my immeasurable universe.

. . . . But now!

Over its face crawl pallid worms,

Babbling of "God's Plan"!

Mouthing cruel creeds and silly doctrines—

Like "Adamic Depravity"—"Eternal Hell-fire"—

Wrangling over "Immaculate Conception"—

Whatever that is—

Fighting—over a few drops of water!

. . . . So

Sometimes I laugh

As I hold the course of my countless worlds

Through the endless flight of the endless

æons

—LEMUEL DE BRA.

SHROUD SONG

Up in old Clarinda's room—
Queer, deserted place—
I must find something kind
For her death-swept face.

From the orris-scented gowns
(Vain, she was, and proud)
I must choose what to use
For a proper shroud.

Would silvered rose or orchid pale
Please her if she knew,
Or alloy ghostly joy,
Preferring something blue?

In this ruby-colored robe
She could daringly
Illuminate the solemn fête
Of eternity!

No tolling bells will she permit
Nor prattle of remorse:
A winding sheet's scarcely mete
For such a scornful corse!

Touch the faded lips with red,
Smooth the faded hair;
Let them say she was gay
At her last affair!

—MARION E. HOLBROOK.

COMMAND TO A LOVER

God said, "This girl
Shall by churl
Be loved, and king."
I said, "Oh,
God, you know
Everything."
God
Answered with a nod;
Then, to me, "You
Love her, too."
Gladly, unafraid,
I obeyed.

—HELEN RHODA HOOPES.

UNSEEN

I have gazed on visible wonder,
As on an opaque screen;
I long as the mystic painters,
To look on the unseen.

Distant, veiled, inscrutable,
Whither shall I press
What if eyes deny belief,
If proof, the soul confess?

Once in a Spanish picture,
Under a silvered sun,
I entered a dim gray city,
Where miracles were done.

Awed as I read a poem,
Strange footsteps followed me.
Leapt a Hound in the stillness,
Divine in mystery.

Passion for unknown beauty,
Beyond the eye or hand,
Hungers for a vision
To rise where symbols stand.

Sudden breathless awareness
Comes in the day or night,
With the memory of being
In clear and singular light.

Under this deep obsession,
El Greco's colors burn,
Thompson staggered to Heaven,
Keats looked into an urn.

—CECILIA ELLERBE.

NOTA BENE

I shall not sing again; the lesser songs
Have all been sung a thousand tiring times.
Of what star-high avail for me to sow
A heedless globe with mediocre rhymes?

Most mighty songs to rock the restless world
I dimly hear but cannot make mine own.
Until my muse be touched with living fire
I'll thrill with that exalted overtone.

—VINCENT JONES.

OH PITY NOT THOSE LOVERS

Oh pity not those lovers dying young,
Whose stories warrant fame to weary bard.
To Helen, Paris, have the poets clung,
Hero, Leander, Heloise, Abelard.
For, dying young, they live for us as then—
Untarnished by the dulling breath of care,
To serve as beacons for us lesser men,
Divinely young, forever loved, and fair.

Had Helen used the distaff, Hero spun,
Or Heloise kneaded toothsome loaf and bun,
Or Juliet, spectacled, patched Romeo's
Rubbed velveteens, or darned his lengthy hose,
What had we, all our days a ceaseless groove
Of matrimony, ever known of love?

—NANCY TELFAIR.

PORTRAIT OF A PALTRY POLITICIAN

Man of the people, everybody's friend,
As faithful to the false as to the right,
Parrotting speeches morning, noon, and night
Reckoned to sway the multitude, to bend
The unthinking to your cause (itself a blend
Of half truths, sophistries—a meldewed blight
Of buds rhetorical)—stark black is white
Compared in hue to your soul's paltry trend;
Votes! Votes! and Votes! What is there more to
life
Than ballots angled for by sham and guile?
At journey's end the devil, with a smile,
Grasps your hand warmly (even the one with
knife
Concealed) and cries: "I love your every wile!
Were you but woman I should seek a wife!"

—ROBERT CARY.

WARNING

Love me with your heart, your soul,
Your eyes, your lips, your mind;
Love me very stormily,
Or be serene and gentle.
I can give your love return,
Oh, I can be so kind,
But God have mercy on your soul
If you turn sentimental.

—MARCO CARSON.

SORRENTO

Over my head the blue Italian sky
Arched its immensity, while at my feet
Nine terraces sloped downward to the sea—
Nine terraces where olive trees were grey
Among the oleanders. In the west
A cypress cut across the flaming sky
To hold the new moon captive in its arms.
The quiet mountain wore a slender plume
Of feathery white—the bay was still as glass,
While jade and turquoise changed to amethyst.
The splendour blazed and deepened, then the dusk
Threw its soft purple bloom on land and sea.
Across the shore the tiny lights sprang out
And lay like jewels on the harbour walls.

I thought of men and women dead and gone,
Who drank this loveliness long, long ago
From this same garden—and of those to come
Year after year uncounted. But today
Was mine, and in my heart forevermore
I hid its beauty with the thought of you.

—JOSEPHINE JOHNSON.

CAL COOLIDGE

Little frozen eyes,
Little old wrinkles,
Look up and smile awhile.

Ah, that's nice,
You are so dainty,
You're a funny paradox—
So noble on the screen,
So obscure in our "Democracy."

Ah, your pathetic modesty,
And your cool New England virtue—
Both heralded charms, American.
You're a pampered wonder
Ostensible servant of all,
How did it happen?

But smile again first,
Or what price Democracy
If the monstrous comedy
Is left without the grotesque
To feed our sense of humor on?

—C. R. DE JOURNETTE.

AGAIN, PENELOPE

For two-score years he's been away —
Slow years that take their stealthy toll
Of youth and beauty, paint their grey
Distrust into a woman's soul.

*Oh, brief the tenancy of spring—
Brief as a rose's blossoming!*

Would I could know, my errant lord,
If sea or plague or Trojan spear
Has closed your eyes in brave accord
With courted death; or if you hear

The cadence of another voice
Forgetting me—forgetting me!
A hundred suitors wait my choice
While I demur, and cunningly

As fair Arachne, weave a shroud
That never grows. Must I remain
A rose no hand may touch, unbowed
By passion's storm? Oh, fragrant rain . . .

*This woven gossamer of white—
Shall I unravel it tonight?*

—LOUISE CRENSHAW RAY.

TO ANY WOMAN

I think if I should die you would not mind—
There'd be a thousand memories left behind.

There'd be a thousand little tears to shed
In consolation for a lonely bed.

And on still moonlit nights you'd visit me
With dainty garlands of anemone.

And by my grave you'd pray to have me back
So I could see how well you looked in black.

—MARCO CARSON.

TO ANOTHER SAD YOUNG MAN

Did the fairies make that ring,
Dancing in the grass?
Or is it just a mortal thing—
Hoof-print of an ass?

—MARCO CARSON.

OLD LADY

She is marvelous with years,
Fragile as a china cup.
You would scarcely think she hears
All the talk around her bed
Till she catches some word up
With a movement of her head
Like a knitter, just aware
Of an errant loop of thread.
See her hand, articulate
Wrinkles on a skeleton,
Grove uncertainly for rest
Long before her speech is done.
Blankets are a heavy weight
On the archway of her breast
Buoyed by a brittle air.
Like a bird the heart is there
Beating to be out and gone,
Tireless and adventuresome.

—DOROTHY COLLINS ALYEA.

BUT IF I DIE

Dear heart, we think the end of life is death.
Together we have yearned upon the earth
And loved its beauty, loved life's every breath
And held its fleeting loveliness its worth.

But if I die, beloved, seek for me.
Oh, seek for me again and yet again,
Lest all the dreams we think untrue should be,
And I be waiting you forever and in vain.

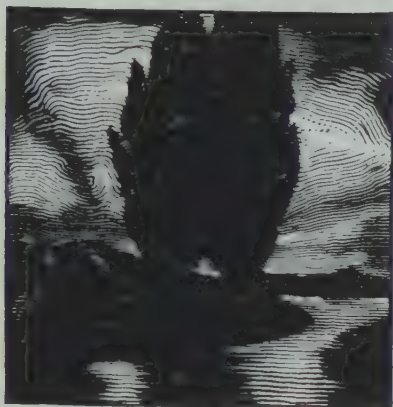
Whatever lies beyond the body's ken,
If anything of Consciousness, of Me,—
Believe that I am waiting you, and then
If there be Nothing, let there nothing be.

—MARIA LEACH.

AMONG FUNDAMENTALISTS

Perceiving Mammon never long defeated,
War, disease and death for everyone,
He thought that Christ was just a bit conceited,
God not quite a perfect gentleman.

—RALPH CHEYNEY.



SEPTEMBER

September is a sad month;
The pears drop down,
With a shuttered, brief sound,
Heard in the town.

If you go to the end
Of the world—that sound
To the left, to the right,
On the flat, bitten ground.

Long row after row,
The trees grow bare
Of their yellowing leaves,
In the yellowing air.

There is spice about,
But a trifle strong,
Like a stuff boiling over
A little too long.

Back of the trees
The house looks tall.
Through the day, through the night,
It hears the pears fall.

—LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

A SONG OF THE PASSAIC RIVER

Listen, lad, don't come to me singing,
With a bold, green voice dripping saccharine
music

Of love and beauty. You come late,
Like an answer to a call too long forgotten.
Take your honey to Plato. He will tell you
I have lost my taste for scarlet magic.
Even the stars, to me, are dead
As dusty promises. You come late.
I have my own idea of music now

Beauty and love you sing! You can not come
to me.

My ears are not for idle passages
Of pleasant-sounding stuff. I am old now,
And not honorably old as ladies are. If you would
scent

The wind with song for me, use bitterness
Charged with repugnant odors of decay, rotten
With mould and poison with such art with which
Men decorate the days!

I am the charwoman in this house of hills.
I creep down to the sea and back on calloused
knees,

Scrubbing the wide halls clean. Tell me
This is the fancy of a fickle moon! My tides,
you say,

Are but my task by which I must maintain
Routine of rhythm to the universal pulse,
As does the resonant rock! Well, I know better.
I am the singing maiden from the hinterland,
whose dream

Betrayed her to the towns. Indeed,
I know what I know!

And I know this: men have been made corrupt
By men—it is their creed to kill and desecrate;
Their cities soon will crack like green wood in a
fire;

Rusty weeds grow high. But water that has once
been rain
Eternally is free.

—CARL JOHN BOSTLEMANN.

MOONSTRUCK

Strange I have forgotten
How, licking at the floor,
The quick flames hungered
For the chimney-closet door.

And I do not quite remember
How long it was I stood
And watched their lustful finger tips
Tearing at the wood.

I can't recall the beauty
Or the bloom of the blaze
Because I keep thinking
Of a neighbor's scornful gaze.

She said: "The fire started
In the chimney-stand, I guess,
Martha kept her carpet rags
In such a moonstruck mess!"

—V. VALERIE GATES.

EASY LAUGHTER

Yours was the game! You held the winning ace,
And I am left trying to wrest your face
Out of my memory, and all the while
You haunt me with your arrogant young smile.

But you will stumble on a world that strips
The easy laughter from such scornful lips;
And when you seek my door to save your skin
I, too, poor fool, shall smile—and let you in!

—LUCIA TRENT.

RUINS

Upon the corner of a lonely street
Stand chimneys, gaunt and blackened, crumbling
walls—

Once a gay home where echoed dancing feet,
Vibrant with life . . . a prey to hungry fire.
Dark shadows stabbed by restless bats, weird calls
Of eerie night birds, now surround this pyre
Of youth's bright memories and April dreams
That never can be real again. It seems
The symbol of dead lives we sometimes meet—
Deep-scarred and shriveled by unleashed desire.

—EDITH TATUM.

PLAINT PAGAN

Comes now no more the god, Pan,
To sleep upon the hill—
For maidens wreath not roses
Nor dabble in the rill.

They frolic with a Jazz god,
Who pipes wild, savage chants—
To overhear his tunes would
Give Pan St. Vitus dance!

The wine-skin is a hip-flask;
And fair maids far too shrewd,
To be misled by Love gods
In Sylvan solitude.

—ORTH CARY.

CHOPIN NOCTURNE

Poised as humor,
Calm as an empty heart,
Your music comes,
Your music that is a woman
Climbing a dark stair.
A tall thin lady
With pale hair.
A poor lady
With an empty heart,
And a high head,
Who stops now and then
To listen, and goes on again
Sedate and poised.

And now your music stands
With frail hands spread
Upon an old banister,
And looks down into the dark
From which it came,
And shivers!

—MILDRED AMELIA BLANTON.

GLASS

Dusty moth, your satin wing
Bruised and beaten by desire,
Don't you know, you stupid thing,
You cannot reach the fire?

—DONNA ZOE LAWTON.

PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

By ERNEST HARTSOCK

The Lyric South, Compiled by Addison Hibbard (*The Macmillan Co.*)

After writing an Acknowledgment, a Preface, and an Introduction (which sounds like an Apologia), Dr. Hibbard arrives at his Anthology, which is in general representative and often interesting, despite the compiler's rather sententious divisions of the volume into such deadly departments as "Local Color and Legendary" or "The Classics and Travel," which reminds us of William Cullen Bryant's compendious Library of Verse and Song. . . . The poets represented are undoubtedly the leaders of Southern lyric poetry; their virtue is the glory of beautiful lines and traditional ecstasies—their fault is the vanity of the over-serious and the sentimental. The foremost leaders in the present movement in Southern poetry are represented by poems which do not indicate their true abilities; the best of Donald Davidson is not here; the best of Cale Young Rice is sadly lacking. And it is a pity that Margaret Belle Houston's "Tulips" got in, and Julia Johnson Davis' "John" didn't get in. . . . or Lucia Clark Markham's sonnets.

Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing, by Samuel Hoffenstein (*Boni & Liveright*)

In most amusing snatches, see how our Sammy catches echoes of every Ivory Tower from Miss Millay to Schopenhauer. His parody of Robinson is so meticulously done that it might fool the Grand Assizes which give that gent Pulitzer prizes. *Le Bryon de Nos Jours*, he is Simple Simon Pure, a most mordant versifier (though he sometimes plays the lyre); sometimes, of course, his Pegasus in fatal glee capers in triviality, like any rocking-horse, but oftener he kicks Augean stables or turns ecclesiastic tables. And even in his bagatelles he is no worse than Carolyn Wells.

Winds From the Moon, by Sonia Ruthele Novak (*Century Co.*)

In romantic obsession with the bizarre and the exotic, Madame Novak carves glittering intaglios of jade. Her ideas are often of the same sudden perversity as Dorothy Parker's, though seldom as clever; but of course, she makes no pretense of being cerebral. At her best she approaches the mildly fantastic in the manner of Keats, with always the frivolous, deft, spangled gesture of the thwarted.

Nocturnes and Autumnals, by David Morton (*G. P. Putnam's Sons*)

With a proud, olden, sad quietude David Morton produces sonnets which proceed like the incremental ritual of rain. From one sonnet to the next, each composed in the easy Shakespearean pattern, the reader

is conscious of an even, sustained tone, which is very satisfactory to the ear, but often disappointing to the craving for profound intellectual substance. Mr. Morton's passion is seldom hot; it is generally gentle, meditative, and only mildly warm. Yet the very impressive and carefully cadenced dignity of his lines instills charity in the heart, though there be too much starlight, rain, silver, and sundry other trappings of the "Lovely" School of Verse.

Gongorism and the Golden Age, by Elisha K. Kane (*Univ. of N. C. Press*)

Calling Imagism "nonsense" and ending in a peroration in praise of everything that is not modern, this modern Elisha proffers no hope for the future of art. His song is not "The best is yet to be," but rather "The worst is yet to come," assuming that anything could be worse than the present Jazz Age. . . . As a study of Don Luis de Gongora, the treatise is a well-written though pedantic thesis; as a commentary on modern art, it is an absurd attempt to popularize a work of often painful supererogation. Without any attempt to understand what modern poets are attempting to do, Mr. Kane consigns to a hasty and benevolent oblivion Conrad Aiken, Ezra Pound, Alfred Kreymborg, Hilda Doolittle and "countless others remembered only by the worshippers of the Bedlam muse." It is too bad for anyone who can draw such excellently impressionistic sketches as the illustrations in this book, to be so ignorant of the present as not to know that he is an impressionist. . . .

Fugitives, An Anthology of Verse (*Harcourt, Brace & Co.*)

It is pleasant to have collected in a volume so interesting and experimental a group as the Nashville "Fugitives." The volume confirms the impression of their integrity and vitality, though, of course, all of the poets represented are not of equal importance. The two most difficult appear to be Laura Riding and Allen Tate, who are slightly gymnastic intellectually. The peaks of the volume are reached in John Crowe Ransom's "The Equilibrists," Donald Davidson's "Martha and Shadow," and Merrill Moore's "Why He Stroked the Cats." Jesse Wills deserves credit for his "Trinity" and "Primavera." Few anthologies of the year contain so much that is significant in the chronicle of progress for American verse.

Recent Vinal Publications

By a long, rambling philosophic treatise, Alice Riggs Hunt presents in *Fruited Blossoms* a sincere but unclarified search for truth; unfortunately her rhythms are practically all prose, as is her speculative subject matter. An authentic volume of steady, sensitive verse is *Sails That Sing*, by Edith Lombard Squires; though she sometimes repeats herself in phrase and thought, her first volume indicates acceptable craftsmanship and emotional grace. In *The Hell-God and Other Poems* Louise Morgan Sill offers some good, dignified, often too-solemn verses; her work is studied, formal, and faithful to ancient precedent. *Autumn Garlands*, by Alice Vest Rothrock, illustrates the customary mood of the ordinary first books by women poets; there are a few pleasing rifts and many clouds of trite, threadbare rhymes and ideas. Arlette M. Abbott's translations of the *Poems of*

Giovanni Pascoli are faithful but not especially inspired renditions; in the longer verses the translator is most at ease, though her speech is constantly unidiomatic, archaic, and "poetic."

House of Happiness, by B. Y. Williams (Sully)

Writing in the popular manner, Mrs. Williams gives evidence of a clever mind which has not altogether escaped the manacles of the traditional and sentimental. Certain of the verses are genuine and interesting; but only too many are burdened with the cut-and-dried sentiments that the World War made the "World Safe for Democracy," not to mention Tammany; and that the world's best poems all mention God in a trite but complimentary fashion. Her simple scenes are sometimes affecting by their sincerity; it is to be hoped that she may acquire a broader and more sophisticated outlook to aid her in the escape from the banal.

New Dorrance Volumes

The most promising collection of verses in the new Dorrance group of poetry books is *The Progres of Love and Miscellanies*, a loosely coordinated sequence of verses by Sydney Hubert Blackstone; the apologetic introduction in the modern manner and certain somewhat obvious imitations of Herrick and the Victorians indicate suppressed ability. Hally Carrington Brent offers in *Moods and Melodies* a selection of usual verses illuminated with some humorous parodies which are sprightly and amusing. *Glimpses*, by E. Burgess Stimson, is stark, feeble, though well-motivated, religious verse. Mary Ida Cowan's *The Sea of Lilies* abounds in archaisms, achieving sometimes despite impediments, a graceful lyric line. The most lengthy volume, *The Lights of Home and Other Poems*, presents posthumously the popular verses of James S. Boyle; in the Kipling tradition this poet of the common people very often gives frank and vigorous, if not arresting, pictures of Irish-American laborers.

An Etching, by Mary S. Fitzgerald (*The Torch Press*)

This extremely thin volume indicates a sympathy with the down-trodden but very little poetic language or treatment; Mrs. Fitzgerald should stick to prose—or we should say: she does stick to prose.

POST-GRADUATE

You taught me how to love—It is an art
In which you've always shown the greatest skill!
Your pupils (if your teaching does not kill)
Are widely versed in matters of the heart.

I learned too readily perhaps, whereat
You made decision that my course should be
A very short one—I have my degree.

I would cease loving now. Pray teach me that!

—B. Y. WILLIAMS.

BOZART SATIRE CONTEST

Ernest Hartsock, THE BOZART PRESS, offers a prize of \$25 for the best satiric poem of not more than forty lines, written in the Heroic Couplet (iambic pentameter, rhyming), and dealing with a contemporary American scene. Only poems accepted and published in Volume Two of BOZART, September, 1928—July, 1929, are eligible for this award.

ALABAMA BOOK PRIZE

The editor is pleased to announce the award of the Book Prize for the best poem by an Alabama poet in this issue, to "Plaint Pagan" by Orth Cary (Toulmin). Honorable Mentions: Louise Crenshaw Ray, and Edith Tatum.

BOZART LYRIC CONTEST

Ernest Hartsock, THE BOZART PRESS, offers a prize of \$25 for the best rhymed lyric of not less than eight nor more than twelve lines, which is published in *BOZART the Bi-Monthly Poetry Review*, during the year 1928. Only poems published will be eligible for this award, which will be announced in the January number of the magazine, on January 1st, 1929.

SONNET CONTEST AWARD

The first prize of \$25 is awarded to Evelyn Graham of New York for "The Sleeper" (July-August). Second prize of books was tied for by: Joseph Upper with "Sepulcher" (July-August) and Jos. T. Shipley with "The Good Fellow" (March-April), each poet receiving one copy of each book offered. First honorable mention: Howard McKinley Corning, "Only the Dead Are Rich"; second honorable mention: Mary Brent Whiteside, "A Persian Kitten"; third honorable mention: Isabel Fiske Conant, "Hearth Rug"; fourth honorable mention: Nancy Telfair, "The Suicide." Other poets receiving commendation of the judges were Lucia Trent, Louise Crenshaw Ray, Ruth Evelyn Henderson, and Carl B. Adams. The judges were John R. Moreland of Norfolk, Va., Dr. Thos. English of Emory University, Ga., and Ernest Hartsock, editor of BOZART.

NEW REVOLUTIONARY ANTHOLOGY

Announcement is made of the completion of *The Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry*, compiled and edited by Marcus Graham after four years of translation and selection. The volume, which is to be financed by subscription, awaits adequate funds for publication. All interested should address the Treasurer, Box 3, West Farms Station, New York City.